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Warnings Meanings YK the drill.

Don't expect a good story bc i've only made 7 stories 1 ongoing on a notebook, 4 on wattpad encluding this and 2 on chatie none are published bc I hate them :) so PLEASE give me tips on how to improve

Idc about the votes, I WANT COMMENTS, but feel free to vote if u like >:3

All chapters will be updated every time I get ideas on what to put because I will check on them everytime I get chance

'..... '
Means their thinking, abt their life decisions (jkjk

" OBVIOUSLY TALKING "

*" Author talkin *"

------ or ~~~~~ = time skip.

Main Names
Rusty/Fire'Heart/Paw/Star/Main Character
Tiger'Claw/Side character 1
Grey'Stripe/Paw/Side very Side character 2 :)

images are found on google and edited by me.

WARNINGS:
CRINGE
THEIR SHORT ASSED
KETCHUP (maybe)
SWEARING
CAN BE FOR CHILDREN BUT DEPENDS ON YOU.
٩(๑ᴗ๑)^{bye} DOBE/TEME

How Tiger met Fire

"* In the world of Warrior Cats, the story begins in Book One: "Into the Wild" from the perspective of Tigerclaw. However, I've taken the liberty to make some significant alterations to the plot, resulting in a unique narrative. The events following the beginning of "Into the Wild" diverge considerably. *" - Author

Tigerclaw awoke to the start of yet another daunting day. As he opened his eyes, he allowed his vision to sharpen, clearing his mind of any lingering thoughts. Stretching his legs and stifling a yawn, he flexed his claws and groomed his fur before venturing out of his den, squinting against the brightness of the sun's rays.

His attention was caught by the entrance of the camp, where a regal she-cat with stunning blue fur emerged. It was none other than Bluestar, the leader of ThunderClan.

"A good day, isn't it?" came a voice from behind. Tigerclaw turned to find a sandy-colored tom with a long tail, Longtail, standing nearby. Responding in a deep voice, Tigerclaw sarcastically retorted, "Oh, definitely," trying to dismiss Longtail's attempt at conversation.

"Ravenpaw isn't back yet. Aren't you even a bit worried?" Longtail probed further. Tigerclaw coldly replied, "No, I'm never concerned about that apprentice. Even if StarClan intervened to train him, it would change nothing." He spat his disdain.

"Are you sure?" Longtail persisted. With a dismissive snarl, Tigerclaw walked away, heading towards the prey pile. There, he selected a plump pigeon and devoured it with satisfaction.

After licking his lips, savoring the taste, Tigerclaw noticed Lionheart and Whitestorm standing at the camp entrance. They were accompanied by a fiery-coated stranger.

Intrigued, Tigerclaw approached, just close enough to eavesdrop on

their conversation. He overheard Lionheart explaining to the newcomer, "After sunhigh, when the day is at its hottest, it's time for sharing tongues. Clan cats groom each other and exchange the day's news. We call it sharing tongues, a custom that strengthens our bond as a clan."

Examining the cat with the collar, Tigerclaw couldn't hold back his contempt. "Why did you bring a kittypet here, Lionheart? Once a kittypet, always a kittypet!" he sneered, challenging the smaller cat.

Lionheart whispered something into the kittypet's ear before the latter pounced at Tigerclaw. However, Tigerclaw effortlessly threw him off, taunting, "Is that all you've got, kittypet?" The circle of onlooking cats grew with curiosity and anticipation.

"Give up, kittypet! Don't start fights you can never win!" Tigerclaw yowled, his voice resonating with authority. Defiantly, the kittypet refused to surrender and lunged again, sinking his teeth into Tigerclaw's shoulder.

Tigerclaw winced but retaliated by biting down on the collar, tearing it off along with a portion of the kittypet's ear. As the kittypet yowled in pain, Tigerclaw prepared for a final blow. However, BlueStar's commanding voice pierced through the commotion. "Tigerclaw, halt!" Reluctantly, Tigerclaw retreated, glaring at the fallen kittypet, observing his opponent's defensive stance.

Appreciating the kittypet's bravery, BlueStar declared, "The kittypet lost his collar in a battle fought with honor. This cat deserves a place among our clan for the courage displayed while facing our strongest warrior. Henceforth, he shall be known as Firepaw!"

ThunderClan erupted in cheer, and although Tigerclaw's praise for this newly named apprentice was kept internal, he couldn't help but acknowledge the young cat's bravery with a silent chant of his name.

HAIYAAAAA

Redtail- Your Dead.?

(TigerClaw.) (This is shorter for the sake of nothing.)

Tigerclaw's mind couldn't help but wander back to Ravenpaw. The missing apprentice had left on a mission to take back sunningrocks but there was no sign of his return. Tigerclaw's worry for Ravenpaw was buried deep within him, concealed by his pride and bitterness.

But fate had its own plans. Just as the celebration for Firepaw's initiation into ThunderClan settled, a familiar voice or rather, yowl echoed through the camp. "Redtails Dead!"

A murmur of shock and sorrow swept through the crowd. Tigerclaw's heart skipped a beat, memories flooding back to the day he had fought Redtail, the day where he had intended to seize a higher position within the Clan.

Tigerclaw's head whipped around, his eyes widening at the sight of the long-lost apprentice standing at the entrance with a mix of weariness and determination in his gaze.

"Ravenpaw! You're back!" Greypaw exclaimed, his voice filled with relief and joy.

The entire camp buzzed with anticipation, and Tigerclaw's heart pulsed with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension. What had Ravenpaw discovered during his absence? What truths had he unraveled?

"I didn't kill him," Ravenpaw calmed down and continued, his voice unwavering. "But I witnessed his last moments. It was an honorable death, protecting his Clan from an ambush. He fought with bravery until the end."

Conflicting emotions churned within Tigerclaw. Relief washed over him as the truth about Redtail's death was revealed. Guilt, however, gnawed at his conscience for the lies and secrets that had

surrounded Redtail's demise.

Bluestar stepped forward, her eyes filled with both sorrow and a glimmer of hope. "Ravenpaw, thank you for returning and sharing this news with us," she spoke with a heavy heart. "ThunderClan has lost a great warrior, but we will honor Redtail's memory and continue to fight for our Clan's survival."

Sore Le Paws

(Firepaw's perspective)

It has been a few moons since I joined the camp. There has been an intense rivalry between Tigerclaw and me, especially after I discovered his wrongdoings.

"Hey, wake up!" I heard a deep voice growl. I lazily swatted at the figure and responded, "Grey'pawwwww, if you're going to wake me, do it slowly." As my vision cleared, I recognized the larger, striped tom standing before me.

"T-Tigerclaw?!" I exclaimed, surprised. "I am so sorry, Tigerclaw!" I quickly apologized and dropped into a crouch. "I apologize again, Tigerclaw!"

After what felt like an eternity of apologizing, Tigerclaw finally spoke. "Stop apologizing, as it won't do anything except waste time. Now, as for your punishment, hunt prey for every cat in this clan. Go now!" he growled.

I sprinted out of the den and began hunting. I vowed to return only when I had caught enough prey for all of the clan members.

After hours of hunting, I returned to the clan exhausted and worn out. My paws ached, and everyone was fast asleep. I searched for Tigerclaw and felt relief when I couldn't find him.

As I reluctantly made my way to the prey pile, I noticed a pair of amber eyes glaring at me. "Firepaw, I see you're back," he meowed.

"H-" I started to greet him, but exhaustion took hold. I managed to utter a single word before my legs gave out, causing me to fall with a loud thud, fortunately not loud enough to wake anyone.

"Are you alright, Firepaw?" the ThunderClan deputy asked me. "I-I'm fine," I grunted, attempting to get up but failing.

"Of course you're fine," the tom sarcastically replied. I tried once again to rise, but Tigerclaw slipped under my belly and slowly lifted me up.

"Put me down, Tigerclaw!" I protested, but he ignored me and carried me to the apprentices' den, gently setting me down.

"Goodbye," the tom turned away once I was settled in my nest. However, he paused and growled, "Also, be more cautious next time, kittypet," before walking away.

"I wish he would stop calling me a kittypet!" I grumbled to myself.

Secrets

(Tigerclaw's POV)

My head throbbed with the weight of last night's events, my thoughts swirling in a tumultuous storm. Slowly, I opened my eyes, allowing my vision to refocus and my mind to clear.

Letting out a tired yawn, I stretched my legs, flexing my claws before emerging from the den. The bright day assaulted my narrowed eyes as I replayed the events of last night in my mind. "Weak," I muttered to myself. And then there was Firepaw. I needed to get rid of him. He was nothing but a burden to our clan.

Thankfully, I spotted Firepaw with Greypaw and made my way over to them, my gaze filled with disdain as it landed on Firepaw.

"Firepaw," I snarled, my voice dripping with contempt. "Yes, Tigerclaw?" he asked innocently. "Come with me," I ordered, glaring at Greypaw.

We trotted away from the clan, Firepaw obediently following at my heels. I led him to the Sandy Hollow, settling down on the sand and waiting for him to join me.

"Why are we here, Tigerclaw?" Firepaw inquired, confusion evident in his eyes and voice.

Ignoring his question, I replied, my voice laced with intensity, "We're here because I need to ask you something important." I growled, my anger seeping through.

He looked at me, completely taken aback by both my question and my volatile temperament. "What... did Ravenpaw tell you?" I demanded, my voice harsh and menacing.

Firepaw's eyes darted around nervously before stammering out a response, "W-What do you mean? He didn't tell me a-anything." It

was clear he was lying.

"Tell me. What. Did. He. Say," I ordered, looming over him, my presence intimidating. I could see him trembling underneath me. "Tell me, or I'll pry the answer out of you," I threatened, teeth bared.

Firepaw met my threat with defiance, shooting me a defiant look. "I'm not telling you anything!" he snarled, his voice laced with a mix of fear and determination.

A smirk curved on my face as I declared, "I guess we'll do this the hard way."

The tension between us was palpable as I, the brown tabby, glared at the young Firepaw, his short-haired form bristling with energy. I hissed and growled, ears pushed back, preparing for the imminent clash.

With a sudden lunge, Tigerclaw struck first, aiming to overpower Firepaw. But Firepaw's quick reflexes allowed him to sidestep the attack and retaliate with a swipe at Tigerclaw's face, his claws leaving red trails on the older warrior's fur. Tigerclaw recoiled, snarling in frustration.

They began to circle each other, eyes locked, seeking any opening for a decisive strike. Firepaw lunged again, trying to catch Tigerclaw off guard, but this time, Tigerclaw was alert, meeting the assault head-on. They fought, clawing and biting with ferocity.

Their yowls filled the air as they clashed relentlessly. They clawed, scratched, and bit, both refusing to back down. But after what felt like an eternity, Tigerclaw's claws found their target, and Firepaw conceded defeat.

Tigerclaw stood triumphantly, his chest heaving with the exertion of battle. Firepaw retreated to lick his wounds, and though the fight had ended, the tension between them lingered.

"Now, will you give me the answer?" I demanded, my gaze still fixed on Firepaw. After a sigh, he finally spoke, "Fine. I'll tell you

what he said. He told me that you killed Redtail. Are you happy now? And that you didn't kill Oakheart, rocks collapsed on him, and then you killed Redtail." I stood there, shocked by his words.

I remained silent, lost in my thoughts. "What does he mean? I wasn't even present at the battle!" I pondered. Suddenly, I realized that Firepaw was glaring at me. When our gazes met, I snapped at him, "Ravenpaw lied to you! I wasn't even there! Oh, I see why you believed him. You're just a pampered kittypet who believes everything his friends tell him!" My words dripped with venom.

Firepaw, determined and unyielding, stared back at me. "I believe him because he's my friend, yes," he admitted. "But it's also because you torment him every day! Your glares, snarls, and constant criticism... He's not even your apprentice!" he snarled back, his words full of conviction.

Ignoring his retort, we made our way back to camp. I ordered Firepaw to go to Yellowfang, then headed towards the warriors' den, where I noticed Bluestar's watchful eyes on me.

Bluestars Plan

(Bluestars pov:)

Bluestar, the wise and strong leader of ThunderClan, slowly opened her eyes as the first ray of sunlight pierced through the entrance of her den. Stretching her long, sleek body, she let out a soft yawn before stepping out into the clearing of their camp. It was a beautiful morning, with the scent of newleaf in the air.

Bluestar's bright blue eyes scanned the surrounding area, taking in the peacefulness of the Clan she loved dearly. Her gaze shifted towards the two young toms, Tigerclaw and Firepaw, Tigerclaw, a dark brown tabby with fierce black stripes, had always shown exceptional hunting skills and ambition. Firepaw, on the other hand, possessed a short, vibrant, fire-colored pelt, always filled with energy and determination.

As Bluestar observed, her heart sank when she noticed a growing tension between the two toms. They were on the brink of a fight. Without hesitation, she swiftly approached them, hoping to prevent any unnecessary conflict among Clanmates.

"Stop!" Bluestar's commanding voice echoed through the camp. Both toms froze, their fur bristling. "This is not how ThunderClan warriors behave. We are a family, not a pack of rivals."

She studied their expressions, noticing the fire burning fiercely within Tigerclaw's eyes and the frustration etched upon Firepaw's face. Bluestar soon had an idea, a plan that might set things right.

"Tigerclaw, Firepaw, I want both of you to go on a border patrol together. It is important that you learn to work together for the sake of ThunderClan's unity," Bluestar declared firmly.

Tigerclaw's eyes narrowed in suspicion, but he simply nodded, acknowledging his leader's command. Firepaw, despite his initial dismay, realized the same and he nodded too, ready to put aside

their differences for the greater good.

As the morning awakened, Tigerclaw and Firepaw set out on their border patrol, their steps aligned and their eyes fixed ahead. Bluestar followed stealthily, hidden among the bushes. She observed as the two toms eventually came upon a fence that marked the edge of two-leg territory.

Suddenly, the two-legs emerged from their monsters, the metal beasts they used for transport. The humans surrounded Tigerclaw and Firepaw, capturing them with their strange contraptions. Bluestar's plan had worked; Tigerclaw and Firepaw had unwittingly led the two-legs straight to their capture.

Bluestar was worried but she just watched because their capture was part of the plan, so she prayed to starclan that they will be safe.

Cap-tured

(Tigerclaws pov after Bluestars Plan)

As I slowly regained consciousness, I found myself waking up in a dimly lit space, my mind throbbing with a dull ache and an overwhelming sense of exhaustion pervading my being. The flickering light struggled to penetrate the darkness, casting eerie shadows across the unfamiliar surroundings. Confusion clouded my thoughts until I became aware of a comforting warmth nestled close beside me, offering solace amidst the uncertainty.

A lurching sensation wrenched my attention from the disorienting gloom, causing my gaze to shift towards the source of the warmth. "Firepaw?" I whispered, the sound barely escaping my parched lips. Recognition dawned on me as reality sank in; both of us were ensnared within the confines of a confining cage, its sturdy metal bars serving as an impenetrable barrier.

Carefully, so as not to disturb Firepaw from his slumber, I looked out of the cage, my curiosity urging me to look our dismal predicament further. The room we found ourselves in was shrouded in oppressive silence, its atmosphere heavy with an unsettling foreboding. Various scattered objects hinted at the presence of Twolegs, those peculiar creatures our feline instincts deemed both puzzling and dangerous.

I saw movement in another cage. I focused at it so I could see the thing inside. It was another cat, not from any clan, 'Probably a loner' I told myself. I looked at Firepaw who was mewling in his sleep.

'Such a noisy furball! ' I growled then I focused once again on looking out of the cages wondering if anyone from our clan, any clan was captured and hidden among them.